



Marian Stoney

HALLMARKS OF HARPETH HALL

1984

Harpeth Hall School Library
3801 Hobbs Road
Nashville, Tenn. 37215



HALLMARKS 1984

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Marian Stoney

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2021-2022 School Year

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DEDICATION

This faculty member can best be described as the creative source of the Harpeth Hall community. Throughout her career at Harpeth Hall, she has shown continuous dedication to the promotion of literature. This woman's creative talents have been most familiarly displayed to us by her writing the lyrics of the alma mater soon after Harpeth Hall was founded. Her genuine caring attitude towards others has earned her a special place in everyone's heart. Now, as she leaves Harpeth Hall, her perception, creativity, and devotion to aesthetics will not be forgotten. Because of the love and appreciation that we will always feel for you, we, the Penstaff Club of Harpeth Hall, dedicate Hallmarks to Mrs. Gregory.



The body of the report can be divided into three main parts: the first part deals with the general situation of the country, the second part deals with the economic situation, and the third part deals with the social situation. The first part is a general description of the country, its location, its climate, its population, and its resources. The second part is a detailed analysis of the economic situation, including the main industries, the level of production, and the state of the economy. The third part is a detailed analysis of the social situation, including the level of education, the state of health, and the distribution of income.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

I remember the beginning. . .

We were all like different pieces
Of a beautiful floral arrangement,
A myriad of colors,
Each offering her specialties,
Each looking for a place in the arrangement.

As scholars and athletes, artists and performers,
Reaching for the spirit within us;
We made Harpeth Hall.
Whether leaders or followers, we were all members,
Each with a role, each making a difference.

The goals that drove us,
The parents that inspired,
The teachers that showed us the way,
All have brought us to our triumph,
On this glorious Commencement Day.

Better than we were when we first came to Harpeth Hall,
We will walk down the graduation aisles, in pride and gratitude,
As we think of the memories we will cherish forever,
The friendships that will always be,
What we have learned, what we have shared.

And so it is the end.
Today the arrangement is finally complete,
A new age has begun; we celebrate what is to come.
As we take our place in history, not to look back,
But to look forward;

We pass on the tradition.

Kim Bueno '84



Callie Johnson

TREES

Callie Johnson '84

They tug and pull
entwine and trap.
In the early hours
their height of beauty is
sustained.
Equally, the evening lets
them hide—
 themselves—
 and whom they trap.
In time of danger,
Exposure,
they shelter and defend,
or they
 fall—
the magnificent height
of them
all.

WHEN YOU SMILE

Barbara Keith Brown '85

When you smile—
It seems the whole world freezes
And you hold them in the palm of your hand.
For your smile is reassuring,
Such a beautiful radiation of joy,
Too precious to be hidden.
Like the bright sun,
Your whole face lights up,
And the world is illuminated by your love.
It seems the world stands still—
When you smile.

REALITY

Marian Hollyday '84

Sunlight falls upon the hillside,
and the moonlight on the bend.
These I watch with ceaseless wonder—
What will be their timely end?
Night will end the rays of sunshine,
Day will end the moon's bright beams.
Ever to the ends of summers,
these will linger in the dreams.

A DESTINATION
Yolanda Ferragina '84

The wind at my back and the sun in my hair
And the pathway of sand that I'm traveling on,
Resurging my freedom, foregoing all care
I look not behind me but only beyond.

I wonder now plodding along this small path
To where it will take me or what I might find
The result of my journey, the aftermath
Are the thoughts that begin to whirl round in my mind.

And further progressing I notice above
A flock of white seagulls in low-flying form.
And as I espy them I think of a dove
And how they'd bring peace to the eye of a storm.

A cool salty mist now pervading the air,
And the path growing wider with each step I take,
I round a green clump of foliage with care
And look what's before me, alive and awake.

The breaking of waves and the tossing of foam
The sand of my path is the sand of the beach.
I now have a feeling that I have reached home,
And the ocean before me a lesson to teach.



Lori Kay Wilson

STARTING AGAIN
Callie Johnson '84

What I conceived to be the part of my life
that I thought was gone,
In my heart the memories will always stay.
I remember I said I would begin again,
but what I've learned here
I'll carry through to each day.
Nothing that happens can ever be erased,
as I once thought.
Though the times have passed, and
I'm starting again—
In my heart, the memories will always stay.

Katie Quillen '85

Time. He rules our lives
like a reigning monarch;
No movement is made
without consulting him.
Time has now become
an absolutist,
a monarch with total power.
If we can only remove
some of his power,
Then maybe our concerns
will be focused more on
each other
than on Time.

ODE TO A SNOWFLAKE
Heidi Vastbinder '85

The rain falls—
like so many pieces
of dreams that
could have been.

But somehow—
somehow, along with
snowflakes in prevernal sun,
they melt into rain.

And so with
our lamented puddles
we stand wishing
more would come.

And while we
stand hoping, pleading
a struggling snowflake concedes
unnoticed to death.

BIRTHDAY WISH (SEPT. 19, 1983)
Cecilia Wong '86

For Cynthia:

On this very special day,
I hope that things will go your way.

That this new year may be the start
For times when you can make your mark.

Never settle for second-best
But push yourself beyond the test.

And remember when the going's tough
We'll help you through spots that are rough.

We love you today, tomorrow, forever
In a way no one can take from us—ever.

You'll grow, aspire, and achieve
In these words, you must always believe.

Dream big, dream small, but whatever you do,
Always be happy and to yourself be true.

Your sister. . .

GATHER MY LOVE
Scottie Hill '85

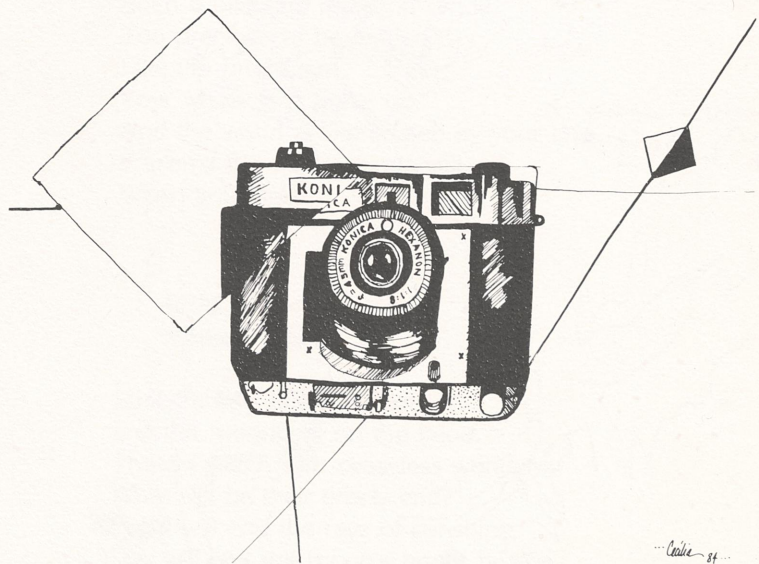
Gather my love
Into bright golden baskets
and cherish it close by
your heart
Gather my love for times we've together
And for the times we're drifting apart
Gather my love
and protect it forever
Yet respect both myself and my love
Gather my love
But gather my love slowly
For time is the master of love.

A STAR'S ADDICTION
Kim Bueno '84

She sits in front of her mirror and puts on her make-up.
She cries as she ties the bow on her dress.
Thinking of the people who sent her to the top,
She remembers the highs which only drown in her despair.
She only wanted to be a star and be loved;
She didn't think it would mean loneliness.
But she needs the glamour, the success, the magic.
She needs too much.
The addiction is killing her.

She leaves for the Awards with the man who sets her direction.
Does he really love her, or is he just another dealer?
What does he really want from her?
The cameras go wild as she steps out of her limousine,
Onto the red carpet she glides,
Through fans and hounds she smiles as she bears the pain.
But she needs the glamour, the success, the magic.
She needs too much.
The addiction is killing her.

The lights were once golden, when the new delight was green,
But now she is blinded by a blatant red light.
Secretly she hopes for a trip with no return.
She cries for help, but no one will listen;
They only want to use her.
Is it fame or is it hell? They won't let her decide.
But she needs the glamour, the success, the magic.
She needs too much.
The addiction is killing her.



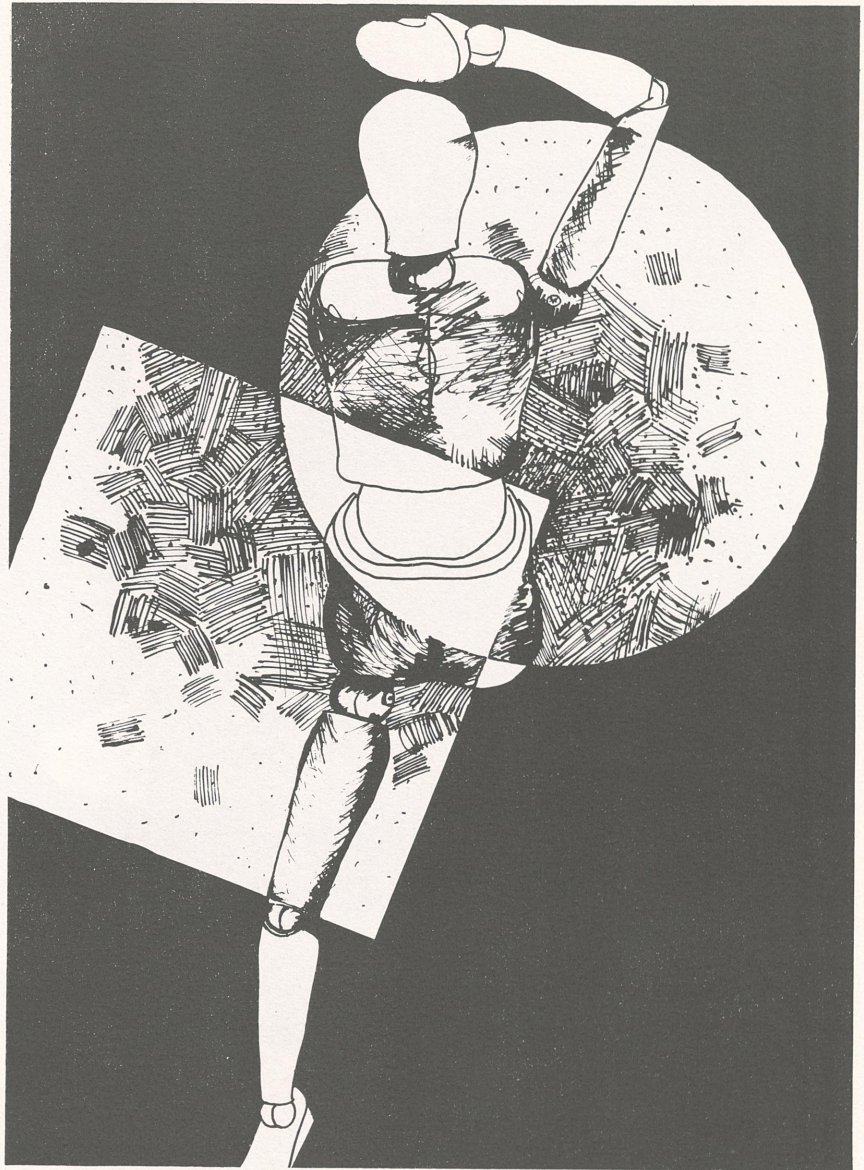
Cecilia Wong

ONLY A ROSE
Shelly Martin '86

Soft and sincere beauty in its
Silky wine petals— with the
Fragrance of elegance
Escaping from its every fold.
As spring is welcomed and
Exalted by each opening bud
As each new flower radiates a
Sunshine of its own—
It is only a rose.

SEA
Callie Johnson '84

In your magnitude,
Your form is aureate and cerulean.
When you capture the sun,
You shine.
In the tempest,
You are a survivor.
You can grasp or you can free.
You never disappear—
Only expand.
You will outlast all to come after you,
Daily waking in the crying morning,
Fighting each day,
Always living.



Miller Graves



Kathryn Schnelle

Cathy Kanaday '86

while struggling down the path of life,
You comfort me.

and always when i'm filled with strife
You are there.

when i'm confused and need a friend
there You'll be.

soon better times will come along,
but You'll still care

for me, and You will make me strong
eternally.



Lexy Wilks

MY VERY BEST FRIEND
Florence Perry '84

You are so unreal.
Your stubbornness is so strong,
Your love unyielding.
I fail you time after time
And yet you stand there with open arms
and say: 'Come back, O child of mine!'

Why? What's so special about me?
Why do you love me so?
Your stubborn love has surrounded me
And it will never let me go.

And yet I betray you
yes, you— my very best friend
I come crying on bended knee
And you just love me more.

You would think I would learn
But no— I just do it again
Thinking of myself only
And getting caught in the end.

And you— yes you love me
And you promised you would till the end.
I'll cherish your love forever
Because you— you're my very best friend.

THE GROWING PROCESS
Risa Klein '84

It's so strange the way you become
Just what you're supposed to be.
I look at them and say
If only I could become what they are.
And suddenly I look and see
Exactly what G-d wanted me to be.
Maybe it's not what I thought or planned,
But it all works out. And as soon as
One dilemma is solved
I am faced with a new challenge.

LOST AND ALONE
Annette Elinger '85

A teardrop falling from a frightened face
Searching, searching for the familiar
Stumbling
Hoping for that voice in the crowd
Alone, desolate
A reaching hand
A loving hug
Security regained.

GOD'S GIFT
Marian Hollyday '84

Mellow as the season summer;
Sultry as the spring.
In Thee I put my faith and trust,
For You to conquer all I must
become a part.

Seasons, time, life, and death;
Morning, noon, and night.
They all begin and end with Thee,
For I need You, and You lead me
upon the stage.

Changing-ever, ceaseless changing
Teaches me the truth.
Perhaps this life is one small part—
A leaf lost in the forest heart
that soon will end.

Passion is the core of living;
Fear is not a truth.
Intense is all experience;
It carries memory and a sense
of endless life and love.

Shelly Martin '86

You're in all that I do and all I say,
I depend on your love to guide the way.
Dear Lord you're my guardian, and my best friend.
You laugh when I laugh and weep
When my skies are gray—
Nothing, dear Lord, nothing
Will waste my love away.
You are with me when I need you
And even times I don't,
You are my joy and my salvation
And part from you I won't.

Help me Lord and guide my days
Help me beam with your love and kind ways.
I want to help others in the way you helped me—
To show each person how great she can be.
You show yourself through the flowers, the
Rainbows, and the stars. Your smile
Lights the faces of the children both near and afar.
Your presence is the strength and courage
That we find, when trouble finds us—
You give us peace of mind.
Help me through the trials and troubled times of strife—
Lead me eagerly and happily along the path of life.



Tamar Chamey

A TRANSITION OF SEASONS
Callie Johnson '84

The final cycle begins.
Flowers close.
Color changes everywhere.
The temperatures drop— slowly.
Time passes.

Flowers disappear.
Leaves are burned.
Cold pierces
through the soul of
the before life.

The once vital fertility
has changed to eternal rest.
Spring has ended.

THE DREAMER
Shelly Martin '86

The dreamer sits alone
His mind is filled with dreams
Of what his empty life could be.
Dreams that are as vast and endless
As the open sea they float upon.
He sits motionless and lonely
Occasionally singing the melancholy song
Of his life, as time moves rapidly along.

He dreams of searching to the highest height,
Sailing the open sea and discovering a
Buried treasure under its deep waters,
Of hunting wild animals,
Discovering new inventions,
And walking through sunny fields of flowers,
And in his eyes evolves a gleam—
Though still he sits— and dreams.

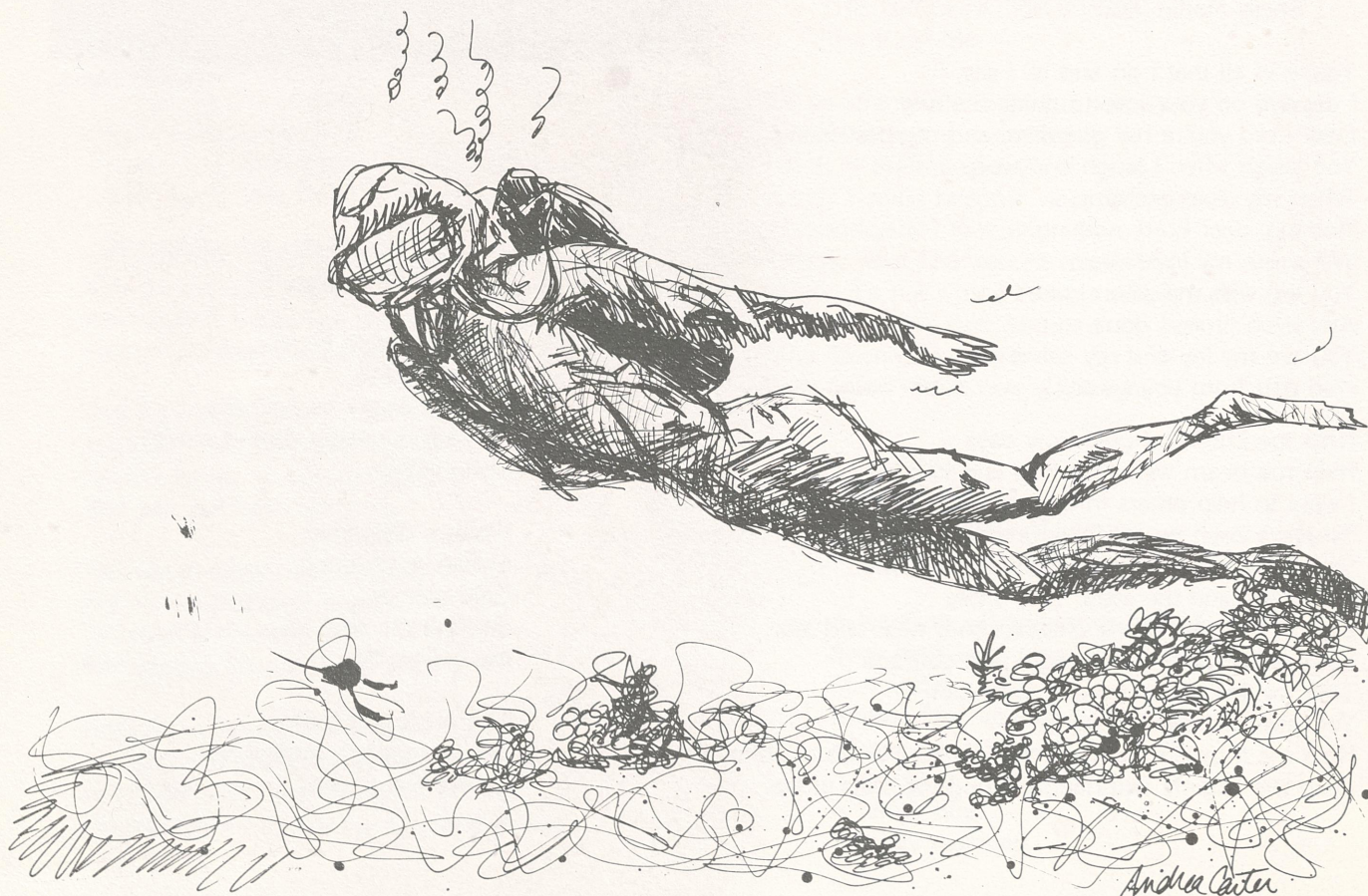
This dreamer longs for a richer life,
But is unwilling to reach and fulfill his dreams.
How futile his life is, dreaming
Never achieving or winning
This dreamer is alone against the world,
Fighting for the fulfillment of his dreams.
This dreamer and his life are not new,
This dreamer— is you.

WHATEVER HAPPENS TO DREAMS?
Heidi Vastbinder '85

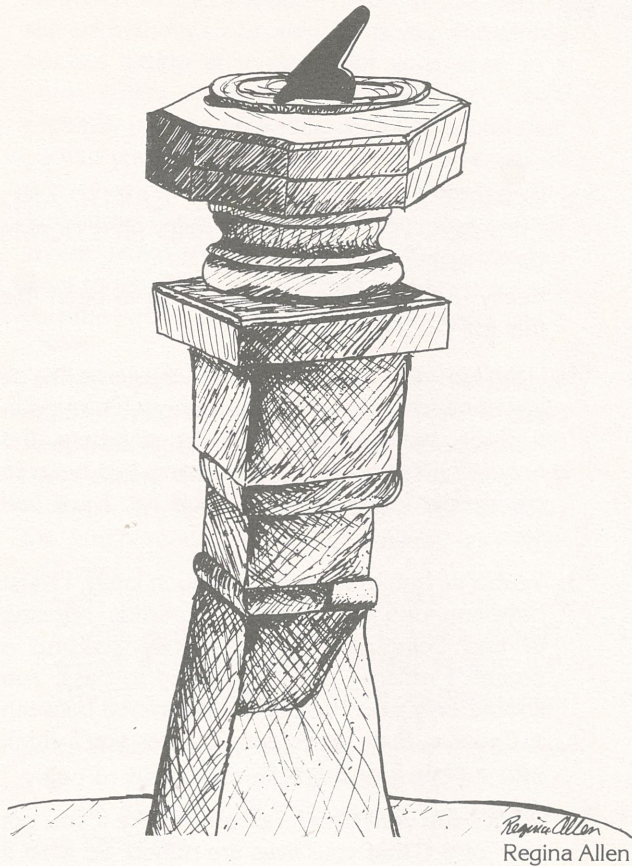
Whatever happens to dreams?
All the brainstorm—
rudely ripping great minds from their sleep—
All the extraordinary ethereal inventions— processed
results of warm, stuffy classrooms with heaters
that work all too well.
All the efforts of corporate minds— the visions
which baste together patchwork futures from
semi-congruous pasts.

Whatever happens to dreams?
Some of the weak are murdered by sleep and change—
Some of the unlikely ones we shunned
now rise as kites on a windless day
scornfully laughing at our surprise.
Some fall into corners like cobwebs
and there hang by threads— waiting. . .
Some are the victims of time, incompatibility
Some die on drawing boards— in office trash cans
or in committees
Some lie sleeping Beauties on forgotten palettes
of frustrated minds.

Whatever happens to dreams?
Most are the silent rumblings of the "dormant"
Volcano that would never erupt again. . .



Andrea Carter



CHILDREN OF THE FOUNTAIN Regina Allen '87

A few generations ago the garden rang with laughter,
and echoed the squeals of the happiness then.
The great hall was full of the murmurs of guests,
and the women paraded for the men they obsessed.
But all that is left is the shell of a fountain
in an overgrown garden
that the seven children, the seven children of the
fountain started.

On cold autumn evenings, if you listen with care,
you can still hear the whispers of their voices if you dare.
The shouts of laughter and the giggles of delight
still ring through the garden as the seven shadows fill
the night.

Towards the old basin they bound playfully;
it holds the secrets of their eternity.
They play their child games and act disconcerted;
but if they catch you, to stone you will turn.
Then they'll all laugh at your frozen expression,
for these are no angels; they come not from heaven.
These innocents, these beasts are the wicked seven.
They will steal a man's soul and trick a man's brain;
to them every death is just a child's game.
A word of advice I give you to take,
beware of those children, those seven who hate!

CHERISHED THEN LOST Kim Bueno '84

I remember when the world was graced
By the brilliant reign of the King and Queen of Camelot
Two royal images for all to admire.

They rode into our hearts as heroes of the time
Relighting the blown-out torch of hope
We all tried to bury.

To the world they were magical,
For no one
Could resist their charm.

We all claimed to know them so well,
But how could we
In such a short time?

When one was taken from us
We asked, Is this a mad world?
Will we ever find an heir as bright?

Years go by as we silently wait
For a rebirth
Of the reign that strengthened our pride.



Susy McLaughlin

A SCHOOLBUS NAMED DESIRE

Cathy Kanaday '86

A voice offstage:

Last night I dreamt I went to Harpeth Hall again. It seemed to me I stood by the carpeted stairway leading to the study hall and for a while, I could not enter for the way to education was barred to me.

I can never go back again; that much is certain. Everyone has a particular period in their lives which torments them and they must give battle to it in the end. It is when I realize how much one experience can shape one's life that I look upon this period with mixed emotions. At the moment it motivates me if not with confidence, then at least with determination. And determination is a quality I prize, even though it has the power to push those who possess it to their limit.

I can see myself now, wearing a short plaid kilt, my hair pulled back in barrettes, carrying a stack of books, trailing in the shadow of my ambitious dreams of college and higher learning.

The curtain opens on a large room with desks scattered around it. There is a backless sofa against the wall and three old worn floor-chairs with books on them are lying around collecting dust. Upstage off center there is a round wooden table at which two girls are sitting. At first glance they seem very much alike, each wearing a blue and green kilt with a button down shirt and dingy saddle oxfords with white bobby socks. As their conversation progresses, the difference between the girls will become more distinguishable.

A door flies open with a bang and another girl comes sailing in. At the same time, a chemistry book soars across the room barely missing the third girl and lands with a solid thud against the wall.

Girl #1: Sorry about the book! I wasn't aiming or anything. If I had been though, I still would have missed.

#3: Don't worry— right now nothing at all would bother me. We just got back our algebra tests. . .

#2: JOKINGLY— And nothing would bother you? Do you feel okay?

#3: Uh-huh! I passed!!! And that means that I came out with a C for the first term. Ya'll just don't know how I feel!

#1: ENVIOUSLY— Must be nice.

#2: Hey— what's with you? You sound like your world just collapsed.

#3: COMES BACK DOWN TO EARTH AND CROSSES TO THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN WITH THE OTHER TWO.

Really— do you feel all right? You've been like this for the past month.

#1: I don't know— I just don't know. It seems like all I've done lately has been to run myself around in a circle, but instead of getting anywhere, the only thing I've succeeded in doing has been to get deeper and deeper into this rut. I just feel so. . .

#3: Yeah, I've had that feeling so much lately. I must have sounded like such an ignoramus, bursting in and being excited for merely *passing* a course. I mean— you're expected to pass. You should only worry about the difference between a C+ or a B or an A- not whether you'll flunk with a high F or a low F.

#2: What's the deal here? Ya'll sound like if you get an F or a C that your lives are ruined. So what if you fail one small course? What's hanging on that grade? Let's be realistic— your futures won't disintegrate.

#3: SARCASTICALLY— Oh no, of course not! I didn't want to get into the college of my choice anyway. No— nothing at all depends on my grades. Look— if I had failed Algebra II, I probably would not have seen daylight for a long time— except if my parents didn't ground me I'd feel bad every time I was out enjoying myself instead of being at home studying!

#1: I know exactly how you feel— I feel that I'm such a let down to my parents and friends for being such an idiot. At home, every time I start talking to my parents about grades, I just know they're wishing they could have had an intelligent daughter instead of me.

#2: Ya'll don't make any sense to me at all. You're doing all right in school. You two have always made better grades than I— and you must have some inkling that you're smart. If you were dumb, you'd be off at a public school somewhere— not that there aren't some bright people there. But I just don't want to see ya'll grind yourselves to a small pulp. You perfectionists are going to wake up one morning and realize

that there's more to school and life than grades. As much as these grades mean to you, there's still something to be said for doing something besides sitting at a desk with your nose in a book. Enjoy yourselves— you're smart, you'll probably get into your ideal ivy leagues and then go into your visionary professions, make a lot of money and believe that you are happy in the meantime. I've managed to ruin my own college career within a fourth of a year, but if you two want to let all this competition and pressure rub you the wrong way then go ahead— feel free.

—SILENCE—

I'm sorry ya'll— you must think I'm so strange and a hypocrite at that. I'm just tired. I didn't sleep last night— that's probably the cause for the sudden dramatic outburst. Oh gosh— it looks stormy outside. I'm going to run down to the lunch room before I get rained on— See ya'll later.

SHE PICKS UP HER SWEATER FROM A CHAIR, AND APPEARING TO HAVE SOMEWHAT REGAINED HER COMPOSURE, ATTEMPTS TO MAKE A BLITHE DEPARTURE.

#1: Gee, at first you would have thought she was going to have a break-down and cry, but when she left, she seemed so buoyant. Freud would have loved her!

#3: Really— But I do wish I was able to have that sort of attitude about school. She's so lucky— Then again everything seems to come easily to her.

THE STUDY HALL DOOR FLIES OPEN ONCE MORE. A FOURTH GIRL WITH A CONCERNED LOOK ON HER FACE ENTERS.

#4: I guess she told you all, huh? She looked upset. She's going to miss being here with everyone.

#3: What on earth are you talking about? She practically skipped out of here!

#4: You don't understand then, do you? I thought she'd say something. I guess she's only told a few people.

#1: Told what?

#4: Well. . .

#1: IMPATIENTLY— Well what?

#4: You see, she won't be back after this week. She doesn't think she's capable of doing the work here. She feels that she's a let down to the school, to her parents, to her friends, but mostly to herself. So, she's transferring to a public school Monday.

TOGETHER:

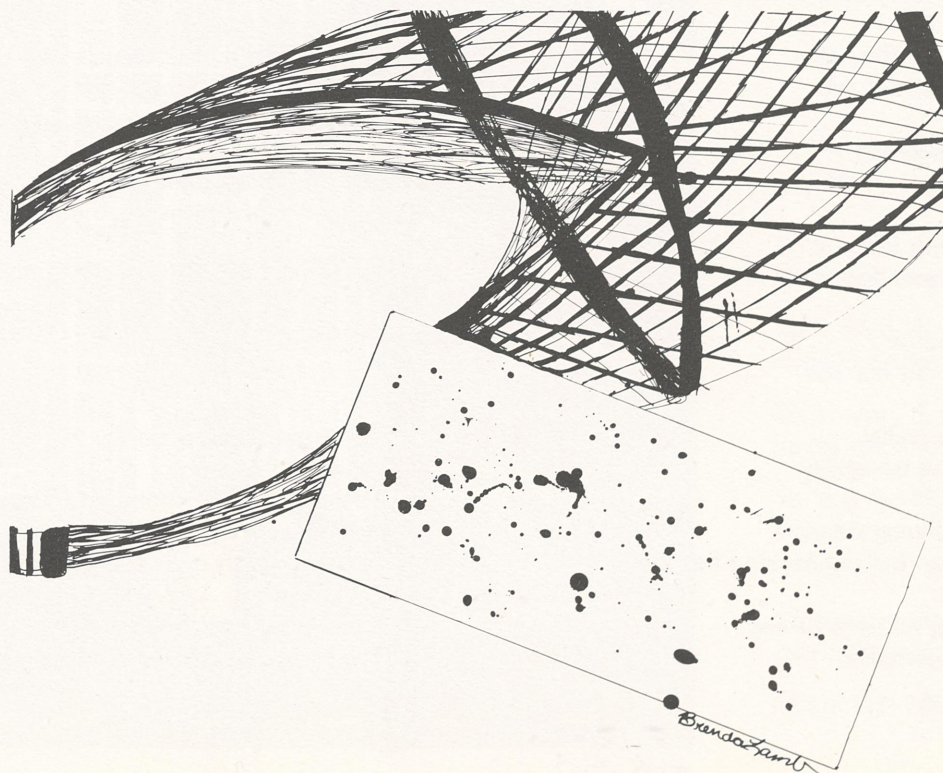
#1: But she just. . .

#3: Then why was she. . .?

#1: I don't understand.

#3: Me neither.

AS THE CURTAIN CLOSES THE BELL RINGS AND THE THREE GIRLS STAND IN SILENCE LOOKING AT EACH OTHER IN CONFUSION.



Brenda Lamb

MY TIME — ALONE

Scottie Hill '85

This is such a frustrating world,
there seems no end in this tiresome circle
like a growing snowball down the side of the hill
I sit pondering, staring out my window sill.

Everyone hurrying, there is no time to stop.
I long for time alone, on a breezy mountain top.

There I am free, free to be myself,
no one fancy, false only who I want to be
Peace, Serenity, and beauty as far as I can see.

No more theorems, biology, only tranquility for me.

MY OWN MORTALITY

Yolanda Ferragina '84

A menagerie of hopes and dreams
Are fading now or so it seems.

My life, a hackneyed battleground
Of love, strife, passion —— sorrow's sound.

The world from end to end I've seen,
All have I done, all I have been.

And others, they are just like me
With hopes of doing; dreams to be.

No further thoughts of life they give,
They do the living, yet do not live.

And in the mist I now can see
Glimpses of my mortality.

But all too late, life fading fast,
My true regret or need one ask.

Is that my will to do and be
Had not been so that I did not see,

The essence of life, the reality,
The peace in Nature, the tranquility.

And all the others continuing on
Holding great aspirations, but not looking beyond.

They, sadly progressing, refusing to see
The truth of their own mortality.



Marian Stoney

Cecilia Wong '86

I look in the mirror and what do I see?
A face that looks somewhat like me.

Her features aren't perfect
Her nose is too wide
But something about her says she's good inside.

Her hair is quite stringy
Her eyes are a touch small
But the way she smiles
Says it doesn't matter at all.

I look in the mirror and what do I see?
Someone I like very much— that someone is me!

THE SELF

Callie Johnson '84

There are walls to climb,
Prisons to escape.
There are some whom we must evade,
several we may emulate.
But that which man cannot elude
is the self.
If the escape is attained,
The greatest potential is destroyed.

FEAR OF THE DARK
Regina Allen '87

Nightmare is the cruel reality
which is stealing my soul, breaking my heart.
Opening my eyes there are others about me
caught in its web of maddening serenity.
We reach for what is ours,
tugging the invisible bonds, reaching for our souls.
Combining energy, rising against its power
with wings poised out and heads turned up,
fleeing its stench, we leave it to cower.
Onward we glide towards the rising light
too tired but we're brave; we destroy the fright.
Nightfall has gone, the rays kill suspense,
I welcome the sun and drop my defense.

Lindy Speight '85

Time passes. . .
I look ahead at the future and see the days
lined up single file, creeping inexorably on.
I look behind at the past and see the days
whirling, flying, scattering—

And then they are gone.

MOVING ALONG
Barbara Keith Brown '85

Moving along
Watching our lives pass
Day by day.
Pausing only now—
And then—
To pray.
A prayer that someday
We'll find a land—
Where we'll live contently.
Knowing,
What we set out to do
Has been accomplished,
By the perfection we've pursued.
Moving along
We'll soon leave our friends
Far behind—
Because it's success
We someday hope to capture.

A MI AMIGO
Emily Page '84

Yo le amo, él me ama
Vamos ahora a Alabama!

Yo le amo, él me ama
cuando estamos en la cama.

Yo le amo, él me ama
juntas miramos la película Fama

Yo le amo, él me ama
especialmente cuando manejemos
en Ilaa

Yo le amo, él me ama
que lástima que no soy una dama.

FELIZ DÍA DE SAN VALENTIN



Cecilia Wong

FOOLISH

Ann Braun '87

When Bellerephon captured Pegasus
He succeeded in his goal,
But when he flew to Olympus
Zeus burned him to charcoal.

Arachne was conceited
Because she wove a rug,
But when she criticized Athena,
She was turned into a bug.

Midas had a wish;
It was for the golden touch,
But when his daughter was transformed
He found it too much.

Gifts they received
From powerful friends.
Somehow they garbled ideas
And turned them to bad ends.

SUMMER AT THE BEACH

Arwen Staros '86

Summer at the beach is a lot of fun
For about two weeks, and then
The boredom sets in. Who wants to bake
Themselves in the searing white sands? And
The azure water of the Gulf is just clear
Enough to see the blue runners with their mighty claws
Scuttling across the bottom.
Seeing red, not tan, when you look
Look down at your untuned body spread out on the towel
That clashed with your bathing suit. But
Year after year, it draws you back. The salt
In the water may feel like needles
In your eye, but you will jump in anyway,
And, for now, you'll ignore the seaweed
Floating next to you and
Relax, drifting
In the healing waters.

JUST BE MY FRIEND

Barbara Keith Brown '85

I don't know why I try to understand you,
I can't analyze your mind
Or dissect your personality—
It's all too complex.
I wish I could get inside you
And see life with your eyes.
But I can't, so I just try
To be your friend.
You have so many moods—
I try to move with them—
But sometimes it's all too impossible.
Your characters perplex me,
And leave me wondering
If you really meant what you said.
Is it all a put on?
Or is it all just a game to you?
Nothing is clear to me.
Please come out from behind that mask.
Please level with me—
But if you can't—
Please just be my friend.



Missy Williams

OEDIPUS THE KING

Marian Hollyday '84

Firm and sturdy columns support the heavy weight of a stone-carved ceiling.
Warriors and fates alike express their stories in the fresco windows to the world.
Four corners guarded by the griffins which are under the rule of Zeus the mighty king.

The play commences with the approach of a lesser yet powerful god— Apollo.

The wails of the afflicted drive the king to action.
Where is the source of these torments?

How can a blind man see more than the sighted?
He has the knowledge of the world of darkness.
How can the sighted miss the truth and circumstances of that which was foreseen?

The oracles professed the murder of his father and the marriage to his mother.

If not— his fate would ne'er be sealed.

For he tried to foil his determined path, and in doing so, fulfilled the prophecy.

Blinded— the fool now sees.

The breeze blows the twin tapestries;
The characters walk separately to the end of the stone stairs.
Apollo— the king-forsaking god, retreats with an air of inevitability.
Only the warriors and the fates are left behind, with the addition of the king called Oedipus — player in a theater of the gods.

DESTROYED DREAMS

Florence Perry '84

The boy crouches above the sand piling layer upon layer of the cement upon his fort. He had always wanted to build something extraordinary and had actually envisioned this magnificent fort in his dreams. He ignores the sun beating on his sunburned back and merely brushes the sand away from his knees as he makes another trip to the ocean for water. The wind blows through his sun-bleached hair giving his face an even more innocent and natural look. Intense concentration is on his face as he builds the wall thicker and stronger. Nothing would be able to break through his fort. As the sun slowly fades behind the modern condominiums, the boy trudges through the sand for supper. Beaming with pride over his new creation, little does he know that the next morning the tides of life will have washed his dream fort away.

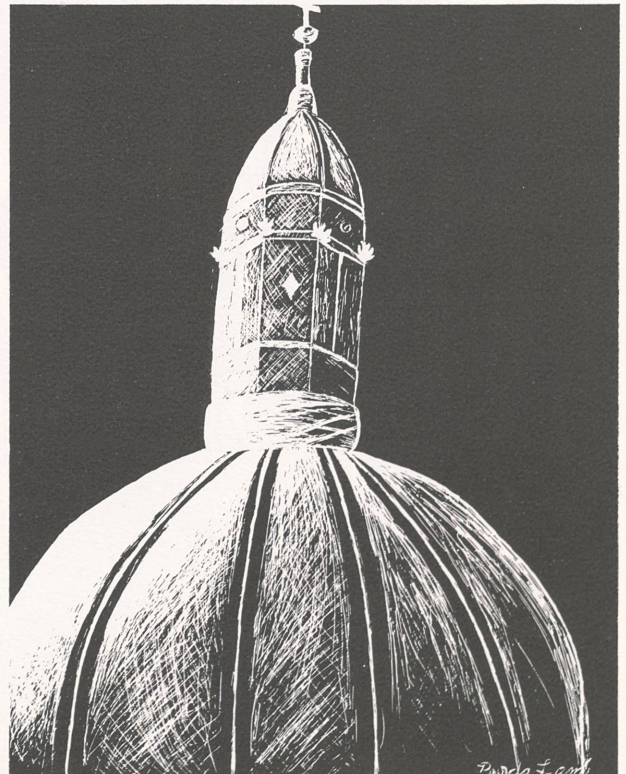
Cathy Kanaday '86

Walking on and on
into a rich golden brown carpet
crisp leaves scratch your face
you continue on anyway
a drop of rain from a branch
runs down your nose.

Under murky green shadows
sharp forks break the paths
you choose the less trodden trails
a squirrel from his perch
chides you for trespassing.

grey mud puddles match the sky
you trip in them occasionally
a flash of conscience from nowhere
tells you to go back.

you follow the winding roads
a beam of gold from the sky
guides you to the end.



Brenda Lamb

MI AMOR VERDAD
Emily Page '84

Mi amor verdad tiene mi corazón,
y yo tengo el suyo
Por justo cambio una por otra dado
Retengo su carido, y mia él no puede
errar.

Hay nunca era un mejor negocio
conducido

Mi amor verdad tiene mi corazón, y
yo tengo el suyo.

Su corazón en mi lo y me conserva
en una.

Mi corazón en el guía sus meditaciones
y sentidos

El ama mi corazón por una vez era
su propio.

Aprecio su corazón porque encuentra
en mi.

Mi amor verdad tiene mi corazón,
y yo tengo el suyo.

Florence Perry '84

Your eyes tell me more than words
could ever express.

They express all your moods.

You must be lonely now for

There is an emptiness— a deep pain
that I will never know.

Let me share the hurt

Let me make you laugh again

And see your eyes sparkling in the sunlight
like light sparkling on the water.

Now they are calm and peaceful

As if you understood all along
how foolish you were

For you see— all I have to do
is look into your eyes to see
the real you.



Betsy Kennedy

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES

Florence Perry '84

Love one another as I have loved you
Are the words He spoke long ago
But to truly abide is hard to do
Although we love the Lord so.

Because how can you love those who hate you?
And risk being laughed at or 'uncool'
But Jesus risked it all for us
And that's enough for me to try.

Lord, give me the strength to carry on
Today and every day.
There will be times I'm tempted
To turn my back and walk away.

But open my eyes to the needy
To those who hurt and are in pain
And please Lord, let me love my enemies
For they are precious children of thine.

For they are precious children of thine.

ABANDONED PARADISE

Laura Molesworth '85

Deep in the darkest heart,
the worm buries the evil.
Deceit, pride and arrogance
will be nurtured to maturity.
Never shall they be destroyed,
only concealed from the human eye.

Hollie Fischley '84

I didn't intend to get close to you
But you've managed to draw me near.
It's too late, for your undulated charm
Has succeeded in overcoming my fear.

Please be careful with my heart;
It is bruised and can bear no more pain.
Just remember, if my soul is betrayed once more
I will never have the courage to love again.

TO MY BIG BROTHER

Laura Molesworth '85

You've grown up
and gone away
we don't play together
like we used to
we can't wrestle anymore
because you're too old for that
you've come back a
totally different person
it's time for you to move on
I've got to accept that fact
but it will take time
will you please understand
that the reason I bother you
is because I don't want you to leave
Soon I'll give in and watch
you go but for now know
that I love you and that
I'm trying to grow up just
like you

—Love your little sister

TO A FRIEND

Barbara Keith Brown '85

I knew this day would come.
But, somehow, I hoped it wouldn't.
It's hard to believe, that this is the end.
From this day on—
Your life will somehow be separate from mine.
You're leaving,
And we're to fill your places.
We haven't spent every minute together,
But our friendship doesn't depend on togetherness.
We've shared a kind of unity, an understanding
Within all aspects of our lives,
Summer and winter alike.
Our friendship goes deep,
Deeper than just appearances.
You've filled a space in my heart—
That no one else ever could.
The memories of the smiles we've given
Will stay with me to help me through.
They may be all I have to hold.
It's so hard to have to let you go—
So I'll hold this special place in my heart—
Just for you.

POEM

Callie Johnson '84

Words of the imagination
are brought in a deluge.
Briefly, the thoughts pause
to replenish the creative energy.

The Breeze of imagination
moves the current onward
and goes deeper.

Until the words stop,
and the current of thoughts
becomes a poem.

COLLEGE CONTEMPLATION

Risa Klein '84

So there I was, sitting in a people-filled auditorium.
Mom to my right, Dad to my left.
Funny, I felt all alone.
Anticipation, doubt, eagerness, curiosity—
A million questions swarmed through my mind.
It was the same mind that would decide my future.
This was the place where I would spend
The next four years of my life.
I asked myself, "Could this ever feel like home?"
I thought—maybe it could.

TO MR. YOUNG AND THE 1984 TEAM

Lynn Newcomb '84

An orange globe floats through space.
Admirers watch and support.
Few determine its travel.
Noises tell of its success.
Pilots send it through new realms.
(basketball)

ODE TO FIFTEEN-SECOND MICROWAVED BREAD

Cecilia Wong '86

You truly define a reason to live,
Because of the happiness and pleasure you give.

The mouth-watering smell you present to the air,
Reminds me of why I really care.

Into the microwave for fifteen seconds or so,
Very warm and a tiny bit chewy,
Not so much, though, that it becomes gooey,
Subtle flavor bursts from each delicate pore,
So lucious that it leaves me wanting only more,
You melt in my mouth like a chocolate chip would in the sun.
Ideally, this is my idea of fun.
I have found my seventh heaven, I know.



Miller Graves

THE UNDAUNTED

Regina Allen '87

Homer's epic heralds your fame.
Ages of poets evoke your name,
But why, why I cannot fathom.
Was it your journey that enshrined
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

Both cursed by gods and blessed by few,
deeds done while always searching, never despairing.
Through field of lotus, via Calypso's isle you thundered
striving ever sailing while Greeks sang
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

Victim of Pluto's wrath
always ensnared, always surviving.
Salvation dependent on Athena's wit,
where at home traitors wait and deride
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

Only Telemachos stands brave and stout
with your bow finally prevailing,
while thou still remaining praise
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

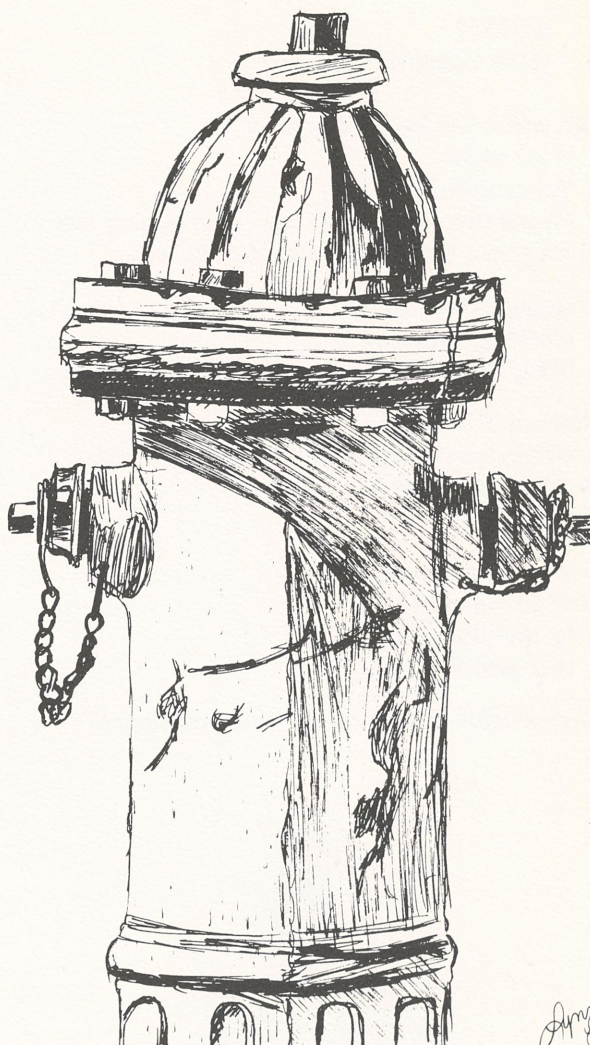
But others have striven and overcome curses, gods, and
faithless men,
yet their names, their deeds have faded into oblivion. . .
What in your spirit has set you apart?
Why do all ages still shout
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

Why, Why, Why—ah! I know!
Your defeats, your failings, always yours,
but triumphs never yours awarded by you to others.
Thus, all ages in return venerate
Ulysses, Ulysses, Ulysses, the Great!

THOUGHTS TO A FRIEND (?)

Risa Klein '84

Friend—the word is so misused.
Yet I wonder, do I misuse it or do you?
Are you truly my friend or is it only in my mind?
Maybe my standards for friendship are different.
Yes, a friendship can be taken for granted
But only for so long—you have to work on it.
Here we call it a friendship—a true friendship.
But what is its base?
I don't know you and you don't know me.
Who are we kidding? Or better yet,
Who are we trying to convince?



Lynne Evans

MTN. T.O.P.

Lynn Newcomb '84

We stood divided in our group,
six strangers together,
To become friends.

We held each other up,
six acquaintances together,
To help others.

We shared important moments,
six friends together,
To grow into better people.

We grew in Christian love,
six brothers and sisters together,
To take memories back home.

Mtn. T.O.P., Tennessee Outreach Program
in the Cumberland Mountains.

STORM

Heidi Vastbinder '83

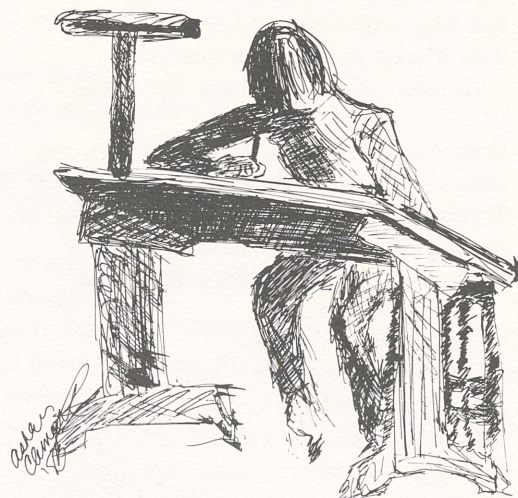
Life and death brilliantly mixed
 Violet night
 Melancholy joy
 Magnificence. Eliciting fear—demanding awe.
 Throughout beats the pulse of the Creator.

Charging white light—
 cracking, exposing—
 lifting the black shroud—if only momentarily

How can it be?
 Creativity so unleashed—yet ever controlled.
 Building and destroying—
 Raising or razing?

Such power teaches—
 One so capable—
 to split the oak
 and feed the acorn. . .

Orchestrator of change remains unchanged.



Ashley Clements



Laura Francis

Katie Quillen '85

A scar is, simply,
 a permanent etching
 of wounds
 once deep. . .

BOWTIE

Arwen Staros '86

Sometimes I just can't concentrate on what they say.
 Stifle a yawn, nod every so often.
 What are they saying anyway?
 Dad's wearing a really bright tie today; it's blue
 And red-paisley,
 About ten years out of date.
 Which is the background and which are the swirls? . .
 "Are you listening to me?"
 . . .What color are those little dots? . .
 "Damnation———"
 Huh? Oh yes, I hear you; yes,
 I've been listening; by the way, Dad,
 I like your tie.
 ?



